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Editor of THE N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 50 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

(From the Independent, Aug. 14.)

KING VICTOR EMANUEL ENTERING FLORENCE, APRIL, 1860.

I.

King of us all, we cried to thee, cried to thee,
Trampled to earth by the bold impure,
Dragged by the chafing which come as they roll,
The dust of our torment far and wide to thee
Went up, dark'ning thy royal soul.

Was it not so, Cavour,
that the King was sad for the people in the thrall,
This King of us all?

II.

King, we cried to thee!—Strong in replying,
Thy word and sword sprang rapid and sure,
Cleaving our way to a nation's place.
O first soldier of Italy, crying
Now grateful, exultant, we look in thy face,
Is it not so, Cavour,
That, freedom's first soldier, the freed should call
First King of us all!

III.

This is our beautiful Italy's birthday :
Generous souls, whether many or fewer,
Bring her the gift, and wish her the good ;
And let us all, in every earth-day
The noble King to the land renew.

Is it not so, Cavour,
Roar, cannon-mouths!—proclaim, install
The King of us all!

IV.

Grave he rides through the Florence gateway,
Clenching his face into calm, to immure
His struggling heart till it half disappears.
If he relaxed for a moment, straightway
He would break out into passionate tears—
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
While rings the cry without interval,
"Live, King of us all!"

V.

Cry, free souls!—honor the nation
By crowning the true man,—and none is true!
Pis is here, and here, and here,
And thousands of faces in wild exultation,
Over the windows to feel him near,
(Is it not so, Cavour?)
Burn over from terrace, roof, window, and wall,
On the King of us all!

VI.

Grave he rides through the Florence gateway,
For bearing a nation's trust secure;
And he, the thinks of the Heart, beside,
Which broke for Italy, failing to save her,
And pining away for Oporto's tide.

Is it not so, Cavour?
He'll stand where the reptiles were used to crawl,
That King of us all.

VII.

A good man's ever the graver
For bearing a nation's trust secure;
And he, the thinks of the Heart, beside,
Which broke for Italy, failing to save her,
And pining away for Oporto's tide.

Is it not so, Cavour?
He'll stand where the reptiles were used to crawl,
That King of us all!

VIII.

Flowers, flowers, from the flowery city !
Such beauty for joy into flower,
As melting away for love so pure.
The nation invites him to enter his Pitti
And evermore reign on this Florence of ours.

Is it not so, Cavour?

He'll stand where the reptiles were used to crawl,
That King of us all.

IX.

Grave, as the manner of noble men is—
The deed unfinished will weigh on the doer;
And, baring his head to those capricious fates,
Hows to the grief of the South and Venice.
Let's riddle the last of the yellow to gold,
And swear by Cavour

That the King shall reign where oppressors fall,
True King of us all!

ERNEST BARRETT BROWNING.

(From the Hartford Evening Press, August 1.)

STEPHEN AND HIS ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Stephen was anxious to see his mother. His mother was anxious to see Stephen. The dutiful boy advertised in the public prints that he was on his way to see his mother. He started from the city of New York to visit his mother, who resides in the Western section of New York State. He naturally came to New Haven, Guilford, and Hartford on his way, and at the latter place he was "betrayed" into a speech. Still bent on the maternal pilgrimage, he goes towards Boston, attracted by a relative of his wife. It was a case of relative attraction. On his way to Worcester, some Judds "betrayed" him into a speech. At Boston, betrayed again. Now, however, he started towards his mother. At Albany, seeking to pass through as a private man, astonished at the magnificent demonstration, the unexpected reception (like the one at Hartford), he was "betrayed" into a speech, in which he declared he was on his way to see his mother. From here the pilgrim son reaches Saratoga. Here he lays aside politics, thinks of his long unseen mother, whom he is about to visit, and sinks into the genial pleasures of the place. Previous to this, we ought to mention, he was "betrayed" into a speech. Full of thoughts of his mother, he starts in a Northeast direction and lands at Rutland, the home of his youth. Owing to the wholly unexpected arrival in that place, so hallowed, etc.—he—well—is "betrayed" into a speech. Full of pent-up affection he can no longer restrain himself, but goes to Bellows Falls. Amid the bellowing of the popular and the sons of Stephen, he is deceived, deluded, imposed on—in fact, "betrayed" into a speech. He flies to the North—he lands at White River Junction. What a junction, what a conjunction in point of fact was there! Stephen was "betrayed" into a speech. Cutting his filial stick in a Southeast direction, he informs us at Concord that he is visiting New England to look upon the grave of a relative. Sad Stephen, how skilfully his anxiety to see his mother is disguised. This statement was made in the course of some extended remarks which, in point of fact, "betrayed" plain sense into a speech. At Manches- ter, at Nashua, at Providence, still seeking the maternal embrace that still received, he is still surprised and still "betrayed," but why repeat the sad details?

Stephen, Stephen, who seems unable to cut his bread and cheese even, is next seen at a clam-bake at Rocky Point, far, far from mother, relatives, and graves; on this strictly private tour to see his mother, Stephen, we may, sinks the maternal for a season, and allows one hundred and fifty bushels of baked clams and thirty thousand people to "betray" him into a speech—a brief one of an hour and a half.

Look at the map of New England. Where do you think Stephen is now? Why, way down on the rocky end of Rhode Island, at Newport, kicking up his truant heels by the great ocean, as much as to say

that, having travelled all over New England on the strength of her, he now don't care a "brass farthing" for his maternal!

And yet, by and by, when he gets recuperated and wants to start on another tour, we shall hear his low sweet voice mingling with the roar of the surf down there by the sounding sea, softly singing :

"Wake, and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear."

(From Macmillan's Magazine for August.)

THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND TO GARIBOLDI'S LEGION.*

BY STANLEY DODD.

O ye who by the gaping earth
Where, faint with resurrection, lay
An empire struggling into birth,
And the sun down, cold with clay,
The free winds round her flowered head,
Her feet still rooted with the dead,

Leaned on the unconquered arms that clave
Her tomb like Judgment, and foreknow
The day of the last great grave,
Would rise to breathe, beam, beat for you,
In every pulse of passionate mood,
A people's glorious gratitude!

But heard, far off, the mobbed woes
Of new plagues for the night ;
And heard the voices of death, and rose
In haste, yet once again to smite
The hills, and, like a flood, unlock
Another nation from the rock ;

O ye who, sure of sought but God
And death, go forth to turn the page
Of life, and in your heart's best blood
Date anew the chapter'd age ;
Ye o'er whom, as the abyss
O'er Curtius' world-sunder walls shall kiss,

Do ye dream what ye have done ?
What ye are and shall be ? Nay,
Comets rushing to the sun,
And dyeling the tremendous way
With glory, look not back, nor know
How they blind the earth below !

From wave to wave our race rolls on,
In sea that rise, and fall, and rise ;
Our tide of Man beneath the moon
Sets from the verge to yonder skies ;
Throbs after throbs the ancient might
In such a thousand hills removes the earliest height.

'Tis something, o'er that moving vast,
To look across the centuries
Which heave the purple of a past
That was, and is, and yet is,
And in that awful light to see
The crest of fair Thermopylae.

And, as a father draws his eye
Ripple by ripple, from shore to shore,
To draw our floating gaze, and try
The more by leas, the less by more,
And find a peat to that sublime
Old height in the last surge of time.

'Tis something : yet great Clio's need,
Greek with the sap of Castaly,
In her most glorious word midway
Begins to weep and bleed ;
And Clio, lest she burn the line
Hides her blushing face divine !

While that maternal muse, so white
And lean with trying to forget,
Moves her mute lips, and, at the sight
As if all suns that ever set
Slanted on a mortal ear
What man can feel but cannot hear,

Know, and know not how we know,
That stately hero Greece uprise,
Sticks back her daughter's vow,
And failed the impossible task,—
Know that when those Spartans drew
Their swords—too many and too few!—

A person blanched the Olympian hill
To midnight : the old Thunderer nods ;
But all the while the child—

With rising Fates and young gods.
Jove saw his peril and spoke ; one blind
Pale coward touched them with mankind.

What, then, on that Sicilian ground
Which earned the blood of Greeks to shame,
To make the voice of praise resound
A triumph that, if Grecian fame
Blew it on her clarion, gold
Had warmed the silver trump to gold !

What, then, brothers ! to him o'er
The measure Greece could scarcely brim,
And calling victory from the dim
Of that remote Thessalian shore,
Make his naked limbs repeat
What in the harness of defeat

He did of old ; and, at the head
Of modern men, renewing thus
Thermopylae, with Xerxes died
And every Greek Leonidas,
Unto the proud Past and crown
The heroic ages in our own.

O ye, whom they who cry "how long"
See—and as nestlings in the nest
Sink silent—sink into their rest ;
O ye, in whom the Right and Wrong
That this old world of Day and Night
Crops upon its black and white,

Shall strike, and, in the last extremes
Of final best and worst, complete
The circuit of your light and heat ;
O ye who walk upon our dreams,
And live, unknowing how or why
The vision and the prophecy.

In every tabernacled tent—
Eat she-wheat from the altar, and wot
Not I—drink a sacrament
At every draught and know it not—
Breathe a nobler year whose least
World's day is the fast and feast

Of men—and, with such steps as chime
To nothing lower than the ears
Can hear to whom the marching spheres
Beat the world's time
Through our life's perplexity ;
March the land and call the sea,

O'ers those fields where Hata had led
So oft the hosts of Crime and Pain—
Hata, the captive's chain,
To hang the sick, to raise the dead,
And, where the last dead last
Of furies cavern, to cast out

Those Demons—ay, to meet the fell
Foul breed of hellish Satan hot
From the fires of Sheol, and the throat
Dench that vomit back to hell—
In the East your star doth burst ;

The tide of fate is on the turn ;
The hand that spurns the foot that doth,
And all sorrow and delight
Behold the snuff of themselves

In that pure face where the golden bright
Seems nuptials chaste to the mild
And equal light of smiles unsealed.

And if perchance some wandering king,
Embraced of her virgin reign,
Should seek her, and her ring
In the last link of that fine chain
Forged by no departed hours, and seen

But in the daylight that hath been,
She passes her heart can speak,
And, from below the source of tears,
The girlhood to her faded cheek
Gentle to thy three years,

And, like the sun in her eyes,
Shows the living Past replies,

And tuning Time : this is the hour
When weak Nature's need should be
The Hero's opportunity,
And heart and hand are Right and Power,
And he who will not serve may reign,
Who dares well dares nought in vain.

Behind you History stands a-sape ;
On either side the incardine ;
Hot nations in whom war's wild wine
Burns like vintage through the grape,
See you ready with the more
Of freedom, see you, and for soem

As on that old day of wrath
The hosts drew off in hope and doubt,
And the shepherd-boy stood out
To sing Judas upon Gath,
Furi in all, and, still as stone,

On I thought at war's alarm
That sea should flood into a foe !
On ! the horns of Jericho
Blow when Virtue bids to arms
Numerous or numbered—on !
Men are millions, God is one.

On who waits for favoring gales ?
What hap can ground your Argosy ?
A nation's blessing fills your sail,
And though her wrongs scorched ocean dry,
Yetah her blood and tears could roll
One sea from pole to pole.

On ! day round ye, Summer bloom
Beneath, in your young veins the bliss
Of Youth ! Who asks more ? Ask but this,
And in the Orient's golden bough—
If lead be true, if steel be keen ?

On ! round ye, and the sun
Wants round and measures fate with fate,
And through the clouds below him driven
Behold from that calm world of bliss
The toll and agony of this,

And, warning with the scene rehearse,
Because the realms where all is won,
And the land where all shall first be,
And in his second life,
And from his changeless sphere

He that strives and conquers here.
But ere toward fields so old and new
We leap from joys that shine in vain,
And rain on perils deep and blue
Sweat—once more—once more—to drain
Life's dreadful ecstasy, and sell
Our birthright for that oxymor.

Whose stab and stunction still keep quick
The hand of Heaven and found,
Lo, onward, a chaotic
And legendary lyre, that round
The eddying spaces turns a dream
Of ancient war ! And at the theme

Harps to answering harps, on high,
Call, recall, that but steals
Of storm divides our happy state
From that pale sleepless Mystery
Who sits to sit upon the throne
He served us falling to his own.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

In times of such severe eclipses
As if the voices of Death and Life
Came mured by their mortal lips

To more than Life or Death—A wife

There weeps ; on yonder field he died
Who lies in all the world beside.

We are willing to admit that at certain periods; the

Hellenic race adopted those mythical legends without

any reference to their hidden meaning, but the book

itself, the historian, now repels the notion so long entailed even by scholars, that the myths were always as meaningless as they generally appear to a casual observer.

Mythology, then, is not a collection of bold and

poetical fictions or deceptions invented by an ambi-

tious priesthood to deceive and rule a superstitious

people, but a chain of allegories, susceptible of ex-

plaining many religious dogmas, and perhaps the

original sources of history. Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, anticipated this fact; and well may we

consider with that great philosopher, the mysteries of

antiquity, as "Sacred religion abstracted airs of better times."

Under the veil of allegory, there lie con-

complete version of the process of thinking; but for obvious reasons he was led to alter his plan. Language, says he, "is being the immediate result of human consciousness, full as its modifications; and therefore, the true theory of languages resides in their history. This a mere grammatical survey implies vast notions of literary history. How could one give a complete exposition of the system of the Hebrew language without first establishing the chronology of the Hebrew texts? How can we explain the seeming oddities of the Arabic grammar and dictionary, without knowing the circumstances under which the literary idiom of the musulman world was formed?" The scientific theory of a family of languages consists therefore of two essential parts, viz., the external history of the idioms comprising it, the part they have acted in space and time, their geography and chronology, the order of the written monuments, and their internal history, the organic development of their processes, their comparative grammars, viewed, not in the light of an immutable law, but as the subject of perpetual changes. Mr. Renan's philological work is consequently composed of two parts: one historical, and the other theetic. The first only, thus far, has been published, and forms a large and splendid octavo, printed at the imperial presses.

In reviewing the title-page, the first question which suggests itself, is one of identity. Is the term *Semitic* properly applied? It seems not. Many nations which spoke Semitic languages, as the Phenicians for instance, and several Arab tribes were descendants of Ham, whilst others, given as the offspring of Shem, as the Lomites, did not speak a Semitic language. In a very interesting disquisition, Mr. Renan shows that the 10th chapter of Genesis, is not ethnological, but geographical only, and that the name of Shem, simply signifies the middle zone of the earth, without any reference to a distinct race. Those languages should be called *Syro-Arabic*.

The great glory of the Semitic race, and that which gives it such a paramount place in history, consists in having first reached the true notion of divinity, which all other people were destined to adopt. But, as a consequence, perhaps, of the primitive manner in which the Semites understood it, the government of the universe was conceived only as an absolute monarchy; their theodicy has not advanced a single step since the Book of Job. Their glory therefore is concentrated within the notion of monotheism, and is so much the greater that it is not the result of invention. India, so profound and original, has not yet reached it, and all the speculative vigor of the Greeks never could have led to the dogma of the divine unity, without the cooperation of the Semites. It was then their mission to teach and evolve this momentous truth; but if it be true that none of the Semites could place in God, the notion of variety, plurality, and sexes, how is it that the Phenicians did profess a paganism so complicated? Did not polytheism also exist in Phenicia, Syria, Babylon, and even Arabia? Mr. Renan pronounces to show in his forthcoming second volume, that this objection rather supports his views; and limited himself to the remark that the branches which represent the remaining books treating of the Arameans and Arabic periods. And here perhaps we should dismiss a subject which has already absorbed too much space; but we cannot let pass unnoticed the noble chapter devoted to the philosophy of the origin of language, a primordial affinity between the Semitic and Aryan languages, a survey of the traditions which the two great races hold in common, the possibility of a mythological exchange, — and in which Mr. Renan sums up the results of his vast ethnological investigations. We abridge that remarkable recapitulation, hoping that those who take an interest in such questions will peruse the book itself.

1st. Inferior races, from a time which geologists can ascertain! Those races have entirely disappeared wherever they came in contact with the great civilized races; for the Semites and Aryans found in the countries they sought to inhabit, semi-savage races they exterminated, and which have survived in the myths of the most civilized nations, under the form of magical or gigantic races.

2d. Appearance of the first civilized races: Chinese in Eastern Asia; Cushites and Shamites in Western Asia and Africa. First civilization, imbued with materialism; religious and poetical instincts imperfectly developed; slight appreciation of art; refined notions of elegance; great aptitude for manual arts; literature exact but without ideal; spirit positive, turnethowards trade and comfort; no public spirit, no political life; a perfect administration, no military talents; monosyllabic languages, without flexions, hieroglyphical or ideographic writing. Those races reckon three or four thousand years of history preceding the Christian Era.

3d. Appearance of the noble races, Aryan and Semitic, coming from the Himalaya Mountains. These appear at the same time; the first in Bactriana, the second in Armenia, 2000 years B. C. Although originally inferior to the Cushites and Shamites in regard to external civilization, manual labors, and the science of organizing, they far surpass them in vigor, courage, poetical and religious spirit. From the beginning, in political and military dispositions, and afterwards in intellect and speculations, the Aryans overstep the Semites, but the latter preserve for a long time their religious superiority, and finally bring all, the Aryans over to monotheistic ideas. Islamism thus crowns the essential mission of the Semites, who was to simplify the human mind and banish polytheism. That mission once accomplished, the Semitic race declines rapidly, and relinquishes to the Aryans the lead of mankind's destiny.

Thus, comparative philology, with the help of history, finally succeeds, if not in solving, at least in circumscribing the problem of the origin of mankind. It easily explains the lack of epochs among the Semites; for the records of Antur, the only specimen approaching something like an epic poem, can scarcely lay claim to such a title. Their conceptions of all things are absolute and exclusive, without shades or shadows. They do not know how to laugh, ignore all plastic arts, cultivate nothing but music, and view with uncompromising abhorrence, painted or sculptured representations of things. Bruce was once showing a musulman a very accurate delineation of a fish. After a few moments of suspense and surprise, the Arab put this question to the great traveller: If on the day of judgment that fish riseth against thee, and smiteth, thou hast given me a body, but no living soul, what shall thou answer?

The civil and political life of the Semites was of the simplest order. They never entertained the least notion of what we call civilization. Where are their great empires and manifestations of public spirit?

Aristocracy, democracy, feudalism, words of such momentous import as the Aryans, appear to the Semites void of all meaning. There may have been exceptions in Phenicia and Syria, but they adopted a royal organization only at a later period, and, according to Samuel, in imitation of other nations. Incapable of discipline and subordination, their military organization was necessarily lame and inferior; and to create regular armies, they had recourse to mercenaries. This extreme simplicity exists likewise in their language; almost no syntax, scarcely any conjunctions, an utter want of precisions, and consequently a perfect inability to serve the purposes of abstraction and metaphysics.

An Aristotle or a Kant could no more exist in Hebrew or Arabic, than an Isaias in French or English. The Semitic languages then are, as Mr. Renan says with Ewald; poetic and lyrical, rather than epic or oratorical. What we term style, does not exist with them, the verse, or extremely short sentence—so different from the Greek and Latin periods—forming the absolute and necessary structure of a Semitic discourse. In fine, to quote our author more fully, "In everything, the Semitic race appears incomplete, owing to its very simplicity. It lacks that variety, greatness, and superabundance of life, which is the condition of perfectibility. Like a nature but little fruitful, which after a graceful youth only reaches an imperfect virility, the Semitic nations had a full expansion in the first age of their existence, and have no longer any

part to act, now that they have attained the age of maturity. Arabia, it is true, preserves its originality, and follows its peculiar mode of living, just as it did in the days of Ishmael; but the vigor of nomadic life can occupy no place in the work of modern civilization; it will probably end in creating a last bulwark to Islamism, which will thus end as it commenced, by becoming only 'the religion of the Arabs,' according to the idea of Mohammed."

It would prove interesting to follow Mr. Renan in his survey of the Semitic dialects, to show that they do not spring one from the other, and establish the hypothesis of a common prototype for all of them. We might have then to set forth his theory concerning the origin of languages, their completeness and complexity from the start, and the total absence of artificial reforms. Taking the development of the Semitic languages, which he divides in three historic periods, viz., the Hebrew, from time immemorial to the sixth century before Christ; and finally, the Arabic, which ends by absorbing all the other dialects; we would be led to see the Hebrew, occupying among the Semites, a philological position analogous to that held by the Sanscrit in the Hindoo-European family, and study the beauties of a language so rich in that order of ideas peculiar to the race and its aspirations. Thus, it contains fourteen synonyms to express confidence in God; nine for the forgiveness of sins; twenty for the observation of the law; and withal it can boast of only five hundred radicals.

The literary history would also afford a vast field. From the supposed existence of an ancient Semitic literature, the ancient fragments in the historical books and psalms, to the classic period under David and Solomon, and the new style inaugurated by the Prophets, we might ascertain the time when the Hebrew ceased to become a spoken language—a very difficult question. Mr. Renan is inclined to place this event at the time of the Babylonian captivity, six centuries before Christ. But though no longer spoken, it remains in force as a written language, witnesses a revival under the Macabees, soon becomes tainted with Chaldaism, absorbs Greek and Latin words, and finally, in the hands of the Rabbis, assumes the form of an artificial and barbarous patois, with a goodly number of Spanish and Portuguese expressions that many Jews now-a-days repeat, believing them to be unadulterated Hebrew.

The bold position assumed by modern philologists, to correct the interpretations and etymologies of the Jews themselves, is logically established. "Indeed, we do not lay claim to as profound a knowledge of the Greek tongue as Plato had, and yet feel authorized to doubt the etymologies given in the 'Cratylus' and 'Phaedrus.' Where is the Latinist who hesitates to correct the etymologies to be found in Varro, Cicero, and Aulus Gellius?" So with the Oriental languages; for we are much more systematically scientific and philosophical in our philological appreciations, than the original people who write, speak, and attempt to teach them.

Want of space prevents us from analyzing the two remaining books treating of the Arameans and Arabic periods. And here perhaps we should dismiss a subject which has already absorbed too much space; but we cannot let pass unnoticed the noble chapter devoted to the philosophy of the origin of language, a primordial affinity between the Semitic and Aryan languages, a survey of the traditions which the two great races hold in common, the possibility of a mythological exchange, — and in which Mr. Renan sums up the results of his vast ethnological investigations. We abridge that remarkable recapitulation, hoping that those who take an interest in such questions will peruse the book itself.

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New York, Aug. 15, 1860.

[From "Once a Week," August 4.]

THE BETRAYED.

She sat alone, on a cold grey stone,
Where the river made a desolate mo.

The sycamore trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird uttered'd a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time;
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow;
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone, on the cold grey stone,
And the river flowed with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the toad in the long dark grass,
But never a tread,—ah, alas, alas!

The morning came with its golden light,
The sycamore trees so bare and white.

The mist that slept on the river's brink
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilles so cold and fair
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a form with a still, white face.

The river flow'd with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold grey stone.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending August 18, 1860.

Of course, no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of New Books. *Perhaps Mr. Clapp*, in his *Second SATURDAY PRESS*, does most wisely by simply presenting them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in costly type, is a very valuable notice.—*HARPER'S WEEKLY*.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

POETRY.

The Mother's Dream and other Poems. By Enrica. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FICTION.

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